

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50th AVENUE

DIRECTOR WAS ALARMED.

Russian Contralto Who Wished to Spare Management Trouble.

M. Andreas Dippel, one of the twin bosses of the Metropolitan Opera House, sat at his desk the other day, when a breezy lady blew in, the Cincinnati Times-Star New York correspondent says. M. Dippel just gobbled at her, he was so surprised. She was Mlle. Anna Meitschik, a Russian contralto, and had not been expected for a week or so. "But why did you not let us know you were coming to-day?" he asked, after he had caught his breath. "I would have had some one meet you, and find quarters for you, and spare you all unnecessary trouble."

"I didn't want to worry you," said Mlle. Meitschik in Russian. "So I came on by myself, and I have found very satisfactory quarters in a good hotel."

M. Dippel cogitated a moment. "My Russian is not very good, mademoiselle," said he, courteously. "I fear I have not thoroughly understood you. Would you be so kind as to repeat that statement in another language?"

So Mlle. Meitschik repeated it in German. M. Dippel scratched his head. "I do not wish to annoy you, mademoiselle," said he. "But I certainly am not hearing rightly this morning. If you would be so kind as to say it in French?"

So Mlle. Meitschik said it in French, although she was a bit annoyed. "Extraordinary," said M. Dippel, earnestly, at last convinced that he had mastered her very remarkable statement. "Mademoiselle, I have been in the opera now for many years. I have met every opera singer in the world of rank equal to your own. And never, mademoiselle, never, have I ever heard an opera singer even intimate that she wished to spare any one any trouble whatever. Mademoiselle, are you quite well?"

Wanted Her to Know Value.

A young man brought a package into the main office of an express company on lower Broadway the other day and asked the receiving clerk to send it to a town up state.

The clerk weighed the package and then asked the young man if he desired to declare the value of it. The young man said he would, and put the figure at \$75. Then the clerk marked in a corner of the package in very small letters "V75."

The young man asked the meaning of "V75."

"That is the abbreviation of value \$75," said the clerk.

"Why do you print it in such small letters in an out-of-the-way place?"

"Because most folks do not care to have the value marked in letters that will attract attention," replied the clerk.

"Well, I tell you, if this was just an ordinary package, I would not care," said the young man, "but the truth is that this is a present I am sending to my intended up state, so if it is agreeable, will you kindly mark that 'V75' in big letters up near her name, where she'll be sure to see it?"—New York Sun.

Troubles of the Ancients.

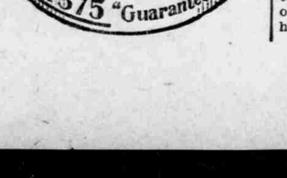
Penelope was bewailing the protracted absence of Ulysses.

"I might as well be the wife of a commercial traveler," she said, "and be done with it!"

Scorning to avail herself of an easy divorce, she plunged deeper than ever into the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal for consolation.

Back to First Principles.

It is said that the means of beautifying the human form have been handed down for many centuries. Clothing it in charity, we presume.—Charleston News and Courier.



The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XXIV.

At last—the springtime came! The potent energy of the sun opened all the myriad veins of the great trees, wakened the hibernating creatures of the dens and burrows from their protracted sleep, caused the seeds to swell and burst in the bosom of earth, and sent the blood coursing through David's veins, quickening all his intellectual and spiritual powers.

And then, the end of his exile was near! In a few weeks he would have vindicated the purity of his purpose to attain the divine life, and have proved himself worthy to claim the hand of Pepeeta!

All the winter long he had plied his axe. Once more, now that the snow had vanished, he set fire to the debris which he had strewn around him, and saw with an indescribable feeling of triumph and delight the open soil made ready for his plow. He yoked a team of patient oxen to it and set the sharp point deep into the black soil. Never had the earth smelled so sweet as now when the broad share threw it back in a continuously advancing wave. Never had that yeoman's joy of hearing the ripping of roots and the grating of iron against stones as the great oxen settled to their work, strained in their yokes and dragged the plow point through the bosom of the earth, been half so genuine and deep. It was good to be alive, to sleep, to eat, to toil! Cities had lost their charm. David's sin was no longer a withering and blasting, but a chastening and restraining memory. His clearing was a kingdom, his cabin a palace, and he was soon to have a queen! He had reserved his sowing for the last day of his self-imposed seclusion, which ended with the month of May.

On the day following, having accomplished his vow, he would go to the house of God and claim his bride! This day he would devote to that solemn function of scattering the sacred seed of life's chief support into the open furrow!

No wonder a feeling of devotion and awe came upon him as he prepared himself for his task; for perhaps there is not a single act in the whole economy of life better calculated to stir a thoughtful mind to its profoundest depths than the sowing of those golden grains which have within them the promise and potency of life. Year after year, century after century, millions of men have gone forth in the light of the all-beholding and life-giving sun to cast into the bosom of the earth the sustenance of their children! It is a sublime act of faith, and this sacrifice of a present for a future good, an actual for a potential blessing, is no less beautiful and holy because familiar and old. The Divine Master himself could not contemplate it without emotion and was inspired by it to the utterance of one of his grandest parables.

And then the field itself inspired solemn reflections and noble pride in the mind of the sower. It was his own! He had carved it out of a wilderness! Here was soil which had never been opened to the daylight. Here was ground which perhaps for a thousand and not unlikely for ten thousand years, should send forth seed to the sower; and he had cleared it with his own hands! Generations and centuries after he should have died and been forgotten, men would go forth into this field as he was doing to-day, to sow their seed and reap their harvests.

He slung his bag of grain over his shoulder and stepped forth from his cabin at the dawn of day. The clearing he had made was an almost perfect circle. All around it were the green walls of the forest with the great trunks of the beeches, white and symmetrical, standing like vast Corinthian columns supporting a green frieze upon which rested the lofty roof of the immense cathedral. From the organ-loft the music of the morning breeze resounded, and from the choir the sweet antiphonals of birds. Odors of pine, of balsam, of violets, of peppermint, of fresh-plowed earth, of bursting life, were wafted across the vast nave from transept to transept, and floated like incense up to heaven. The priest, about to offer his sacrifice, the sacrifice of a broken heart and contrite spirit, about to confess his faith; in the beautiful and symbolic act of sacrificing the present for the future, stepped forth into the open furrow.

His open countenance, bronzed with the sun, was lighted with love and adoration; his lips smiled; his eyes glowed; he lifted them to the heavens in an unspoken prayer for the benediction of the great life-giver; he drew into his nostrils the sweet odors, into his lungs the pure air, into his soul the beauty and glory of the world, and then, filling his hand with the golden grain, he flung it into the bosom of the waiting earth.

All day long he strode across the clearing and with rhythmic swinging of his brawny arm lavishly scattered the golden grain.

As the sun went down and the sower neared the conclusion of his labor; his emotions became deeper and yet more deep. He entered more and more fully into the true spirit and significance of his act. He felt that it was a sacrament. Thoughts of the operation of the mighty energies which he was evoking; of the Divine spirit who brooded over all; of the coming into this wilderness of the woman who was to be the good angel of his life; of the ceremony that was to be enacted in the little meeting house; of the work to which he was dedicated in the future, kindled his soul into an ecstasy of joy. He ceased to be conscious of his present task. The material world

loosened its hold upon his senses. His thoughts became riveted upon the elements of that spiritual universe that lay within and around him, and that seemed uncovered to his view as in the apostle of old. "Whether he was in the body, or out of the body, he could not tell." Finally he ceased to move; his hand was arrested and hung poised in mid-air with the unscattered seed in his palm; his eyes were fixed on some invisible object and he stood as he had stood when we first caught sight of him in the half-plowed meadow—lost in a trance.

How long he stood he never knew, but he was wakened, at last, as it was natural and fitting he should be. Fulfilling her agreement to come and bring him home on the eve of their wedding day, Pepeeta emerged like a beautiful apparition from an opening in the green wall of the great cathedral. She saw David standing immovable in the furrow. For a few moments she was absorbed in admiration of the grace and beauty of the noble and commanding figure, and then she was thrilled with the consciousness that she possessed the priceless treasure of his love. But these emotions were followed by a holy awe as she discovered that the soul of her lover was filled with religious ecstasy. She felt that the place whereon she stood was holy ground, and reverently awaited the emergence of the worshiper from the holy of holies into which he had withdrawn for prayer.

But the rapture lasted long and it was growing late. The shadows from the summits of the hills had already crept across the clearing and were silently ascending the trunks of the trees on the eastern side. It was time for them to go. She took a step toward him, and then another, moving slowly, and finally, she touched him on the arm. He started. The half-closed hand relaxed and the seed fell to the ground, the dreamer woke and descended from the heaven of the spiritual world into that of the earthly, the heart of a pure and noble woman.

"I have come," she said, simply. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"There is not through yet?"

"So it seems! I must have lost myself."

"I think thee rather found thyself."

"Perhaps I did; but I must finish my labor. It will never do for me to let my visions supplant my tasks. They will be hurtful, save as incentives to toil. I must be careful!"

"Let me help thee. There are only a few more furrows. I am sure that I can sow," she said, extending her hand.

He placed some of the seed in her apron and she trudged by his side, laughing at her awkwardness but laboring with all her might. Her lover took her hand in his and showed her how to cast the seed, and so they labored together until every furrow was filled. It was dark when they were done. They lingered a little while to put the cabin in order, and then turned their faces towards the old farmhouse.

"It was here," Pepeeta said, as they approached the little bridge, "that we met each other and yielded our hearts to love."

"And met again after our tragedy and our suffering, to find that love is eternal," David added.

They stood for a few moments in silence, recalling that bitter past, and then the man of many sins and sorrows said, "Give me thy hand, Pepeeta. How small it seems in mine. Let me bow thee in my arms; it makes my heart bound to feel thee there! We have walked over rough roads together, and the path before us may never be always smooth. We have tasted the bitter cup between us, and there may still be dregs at the bottom. It is hard to believe that after all the wrong we have done we can still be happy. God is surely good! It seems to me that we must have our feet on the right path." He paused for a moment and then continued:

"I have brought thee many sorrows, sweetheart."

"And many joys."

"I mean to bring thee some in the future! The love I bear thee now is different from that of the past. I cannot wait until to-morrow to pledge thee my truth! Listen!"

She did so, gazing up into his face with dark eyes in which the light of the moon was reflected as in mountain lakes. There was something in them which filled his heart with unutterable emotion, and his words hung quivering upon his lips.

"Speak, my love, for I am listening," she said.

"I cannot," he replied.

(The end.)

Kind-Hearted Ship.
Kind Lady—So you are a sailor?
The Hobo—Yes, ma'am. Las' winter me an' ten udder fellers wuz shipwrecked on a barren island, an' all our grub lost.

Kind Lady—And how long did you remain there?

The Hobo—Tree mont's, lady.

Kind Lady—But how did you manage to keep alive if all your provisions were lost?

The Hobo—The ship turned turtle, ma'am, an' we lived on turtle soup.

Responsibilities Ignored.
"Why," asked the conservative citizen, "are modern children so slangy and inconsiderate?"

"In some families," replied Miss Cayenne, "I should say it is because they fail to realize that they ought to set a good example to their parents."—Washington Star.

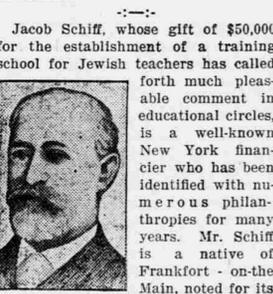


Joseph T. Talbert, who has been elected vice president of the National City Bank of New York, has been prominent in Chicago banking for several years.



In addition to being vice president of the Commercial National, he also is president of the Chicago Clearing House, a position he has held nearly two years. Mr. Talbert came to Chicago in 1896 as a national bank examiner and a year later went to the Commercial National as cashier. He has been a vice president for six years.

Infanta Eulalia of Spain says that she is tired of being a princess and would like to be just a plain Latin Quarterer, compelled to hustle for a living. The Infanta is the youngest sister of the late King Alfonso XII, and is one of the most picturesque characters of Europe. She was always a jolly princess, as those who knew her during her visit to Chicago at the time of the world's fair will remember. Eulalia is 45. She was married at 22 to Prince Antoine of Orleans.



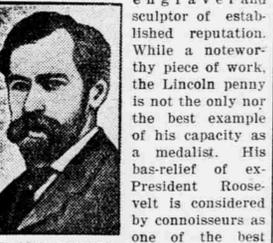
Jacob Schiff, whose gift of \$50,000 for the establishment of a training school for Jewish teachers has called forth much pleasurable comment in educational circles, is a well-known New York financier who has been identified with numerous philanthropies for many years. Mr. Schiff is a native of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, noted for its production of famous financiers. He came to America in 1865 at the age of 18, and has lived in New York ever since.

Sherman C. Kingsley, who has been appointed a member of the American Red Cross national relief board by President Taft, is the general superintendent of the United Charities of Chicago, and one of the most widely known charity experts in the country. After a graduate course at Harvard University he became prominently identified with professional charity work in the East, especially in New York and Boston. He has occupied his present position since 1904.



Victor D. Brenner, who recently came into public notice as the designer of the Lincoln cent, is a New York engraver and sculptor of established reputation. While a noteworthy piece of work, the Lincoln penny is not the only nor the best example of his capacity as a medalist. His bas-relief of ex-President Roosevelt is considered by connoisseurs as one of the best pieces of plastic art. Mr. Brenner is a native of Russia and is 37 years old.

John M. Ewen, who has announced the discovery of a means of obtaining alcohol from sawdust and refuse wood where by, it is claimed, a product as pure as grain alcohol can be obtained at a cost of about 7 cents a gallon, against 35 cents for grain alcohol, is a well-known Chicago engineer and builder. Mr. Ewen was born at Newton, N. Y., in 1859 and was graduated from Stevens Institute of Technology. He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and of several Chicago clubs.



COST OF TUBERCULOSIS FIGHT
Over Eight Million Dollars Spent Last Year in the United States.

That \$8,180,621 was spent in the United States last year for the treatment and cure of persons afflicted with lung diseases is announced by the Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In this work New York ranks first, Pennsylvania second and Massachusetts third. The next seven States in order named are Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, California, Colorado, Connecticut and Ohio.

TAFT DEMANDS LAWS TO CURB LAND GRABS

Special Message on Conservation Barely Touches Ballinger-Pinchot Trouble.

FOR \$30,000,000 OF BONDS.

Sum Needed for Irrigation—Urges Action Without Waiting for Probing-Committee Report.

Declaring that portions of the public domain worth millions of dollars have been obtained fraudulently by private interests, President Taft, in a special message to Congress, asks legislation that will permit the national government to conserve its vast resources in lands and water power in the sparsely settled regions of the West and Southwest without waiting for a report by the Congressional committee that is probing the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy.

The message deals with the need of Congressional action for the conservation of the natural resources of the nation and supports the general policy of waterway development. The only waterway project specifically approved is that of introducing dams in the Ohio River from Pittsburg to Cairo to assure a nine-foot stage at all times. Mr. Taft favors waterway development as "the best regulator of railroad rates that we have."

Conservation of the soil is imperative if the nation would provide for the increase in production necessary to meet the growing consumption, he says. "I recommend," says the message, "that authority be given to issue, not exceeding \$30,000,000 of bonds from time to time, as the Secretary of the Interior shall find it necessary, the proceeds to be applied to the completion of the conservation projects already begun and their proper extension, and the bonds running ten years or more, to be taken up by the proceeds of returns to the reclamation fund, which returns, as the years go on, will increase rapidly in amount."

The slight references to the trouble in the Interior Department, which is contained in the closing paragraph of the message, is the only allusion to the trouble which resulted in the discharge of Pinchot and brought about an acute situation in the capital and throughout the country.

The President reviews at some length the history of the nation's public domain and points out the defects in laws which he says have permitted vast waste and the holding of millions of acres of land by fraud. On this point the message says:

"The truth is that title to millions of acres of public lands was fraudulently obtained, and that the right to recover a large part of such lands for the government long since ceased by reason of statutes of limitation."

Other Points in the Message.
Some of the President's other recommendations follow:

The rapid disposition of the public lands under the early statutes, and the lax methods of distribution prevailing, due, I think, to the belief that these lands should rapidly pass into private ownership, gave rise to the impression that the public domain was legitimate prey for the unscrupulous, and that it was not worthy to good morals to circumvent the land laws.

The investigations into violations of the public land laws, and the prosecution of such offenses, have been vigorously continued under my administration, as has been the withdrawal of coal lands for classification and valuation, and the temporary withholding of power sites.

The present statutes, except so far as they dispose of the precious metals and the purely agricultural lands, are not adapted to carry out the modern view of the best disposition of public lands to private ownership, under conditions which shall secure to the public that character of control which will prevent a monopoly or misuse of the lands or their products.

It seems to me that it is the duty of Congress now, by a statute, to validate the withdrawals which have been made by the Secretary of the Interior and the President and to authorize the Secretary of the Interior temporarily to withdraw lands pending submission to Congress of recommendations as to legislation to meet conditions or emergencies as they arise.

It is incumbent upon the government to foster by all available means the resources of the country that produces the food of the people. To this end the conservation of the soils of the country should be cared for with all means at the government's disposal.

One of the projects which answers the description I have given is that of introducing dams into the Ohio River from Pittsburg to Cairo, so as to maintain at all seasons of the year, by slack water, a depth of nine feet. I recommend that the present Congress, in the river and harbor bill, make provision for continuing contracts to complete this improvement, and I shall recommend in the future, if it be necessary, that bonds be issued to carry it through.

Dr. Paul Shorey, of the University of Chicago, has been elected president of the American Philological Association and the Archeological Institute of America.

Commissioner Williams of the immigration bureau will soon begin in the cases of 150 suspects at New York, charged with being members of the black hand. If the charges are proved they will be deported.

What has come to be known as the "fair list" of the nations of the world, that is, those countries which will be entitled to a continuation of the minimum rates of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, soon will be officially proclaimed by President Taft.

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently.

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

The average value of land on Manhattan island, according to the assessment, is \$272,173 an acre.

Tour of the World.

A series of 50 post cards in colors will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 15 cents in coin or stamps. Address The Evening Wisconsin Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Natural Mistake.

Caller—What I like about your flat is its fine large closets.

Mrs. Wrenner—I beg your pardon, but—er—you've been looking at the bedrooms.—Chicago Tribune.

DAVIS' PAINKILLER

has no substitute. No other remedy is so effective for rheumatism, lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, or cold of any sort. Put up in Sec. 2c and 3c bottles.

Why, Yes!

"What do you understand," asked the teacher, "by the 'whirligig of time' bringing in 'its revenges'?"

"Taking a ride around the elevated loop during the rush hour," answered the young man with the bad eye.—Chicago Tribune.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

FASHION HINTS



Draped sleeves are back again as the newest sleeve touch. There are many ways of doing them, but the accompanying sketch shows one of the most attractive arrangements.

She who has remodeling in her mind sees boundless possibilities for the slightly worn waist of her silk gown—a little chiffon, net, or novelty stuff, and there you are.

Not Handing Out Statistics.
The Missus—Norah, how many families have you ever worked for?
The Maid—Wurruked, is it, ma'am! I'll have you know, Mrs. Pa-arker, I've wurruked for 'lvery family I Iver lived with!"—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.
A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.

Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.

It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.

"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby.

"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner.

"My little 13-month-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.